DANCING THE KITCHEN LANCIERS.

LONDON NIGHT CLUBS

Where the Young Swells Evade the Excise Laws.

FORMALITIES OF GETTING IN

Gay Scenes When the Kitchen Lanciers Are Danced.

THE LIVELY BRIGADE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

LONDON, August 10, 1896.

LONDON IS DARK at night. The restaurants and bars are closed at 12:30. The streets are silent. They are long, dark ways that seem to lead nowhere. The cheerful and promiscuous razzle-dazzle of Paris by gaslight gives place to an echoless Nirvana, wherein blank nothingness is wrapped around with emptiness. The time has come to go to bed, to be up fresh and early for your bath and kippered herring. It is for this reason that the gilded youth have had night clubs invented for them. Outside the night club all is black, in heaven no single star, on earth no track; but inside there is light and song and cheer. In the language of Mr. Corbett on his last trip over, "Paris isn't in it with them."

The idea had its conception in the brain of a rackety old stock exchange rounder at a time when he was interested in the fortunes of a clandestine gambling establishment that was about to be raided. His meditations naturally led him to the thought of lovely woman, and the trick was done. He had found an innocent substitute to retain his clients. Dancing! The cup! The melting eye! Certainly the idea was not exactly new, for no town seems to be complete without a piano; but his application of it was to be novel. The gambling club was emptied, swept and garnished; and in the twinkling of an eye the committee were titled men and half of them married. To see these worthies sitting in solemn conclave on the case of a Piccadilly sunbeam, accused of shining too brightly or of upsetting a supper table, was an improving spectacle to youth.

Crossing the Threshold.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER BYE AND BYE.

Smoking Parties.

It was at "The Gardenia" that the practice, now universal in high-class night clubs, of having smoking parties originated. Once a week the best music hall performers and even stars from the regular stage were called in, to make a finer entertainment than could be seen in any public amusement place. For a long time no women were honorary members, with the exception of about a dozen privileged ones. In all other cases women were obliged to come with members; and the class of girls was that of the "Gayety" type, burlesque actresses, chorus girls and figurantes, together with a large number of fair ones living in their own villas, neither toiling nor spinning. Nevertheless members had a right to bring in whom they pleased, and many availed themselves of the privilege. The tendency was inevitable. Other smart clubs of the same character rose and declined, "The Carnation," "The Poppy" and "The Nell Gwynn." The history of one is the history of all, and perhaps their best frequenters would not have it otherwise.

Anybody gets up a night club. You have had one example of a gentleman doing it in the case of Dudley Ward. Ordinarily it is an adventurer with a little capital. The secretary is regularly a broken-down swell, and the committee is composed of men with good names. A small or large building is hired. The situation must be fairly central, near the clubs and places of amusement, and, above all, where there are no neighbors to complain, near a large shop or church. "The Mandolin," in Baker street, was out of the way, but it was on the road to St. John's Wood, where many of these ladies live. "The Alsatians" is in Oxford street; "The Regent"—now a gambling "hell"—is in Regent street; "The Supper Club" is just off Piccadilly; "The Carmelian" is near Oxford street, and "The Spooferies" is in Maiden Lane. At the present moment "The Alsatians" is by far the most aristocratic of the lot.

Entering the Club.

You walk down a little entrance hall by the side of a shop, and you are met by swinging doors with "The Alsatians" painted on them. The doors swing freely, and you meet a barrier in the shape of a burly porter in a gorgeous uniform, who makes it clear to you that only members are admitted. What would happen should a stranger in evening dress present himself and say: "I wish to become a member tonight; here is my entrance fee of five pounds," is a subject that would stand debating. Perhaps he would get in. Supposing that you are with a member, you merely sign your name in a book.

Standing by the visitors' book is the secretary, and behind the secretary there is the cloak and hat room. You walk up a splendid staircase, as if you were going into a swell private house. Around the staircase there runs a kind of balcony, and everywhere there are decorations of flowers and ferns. The ladies' cloak and toilet room is to one side, with every possible requisite from curling irons to hairpins. Passing the sacred spot, one comes to a big bar, the only give-away of "The Alsatians." I have been told by an American that he was fifteen minutes in the ball room before he discovered exactly where he was.

But in the bar room there is no mistaking. And were it needed for the mind's enlightenment, there is beside the bar a

AT THE ALSATIANS.

cute bazaar, where there are sold all kinds of gimcracks, which the fair ones try to make you buy for them—gloves, fans, garters, rings and parasols and bonbon boxes. Every drink is a shilling and the waiters expect to be tipped. Being in powder and knee breeches, they present a splendid appearance, and their senses are so keenly trained that they can tell a lady by her perfume.

Luxurious Surroundings.

Now, this ball room, which you strike immediately you leave the bar, is one of the prettiest you could imagine. And all around it you will find the most luxuriant armchairs. But, best of all, in the minds

With and Without Wine.

of the worldly, there is a sort of nook at the far end "where you sit and canoodle," just as at a dance in the beau monde.

Everybody dances. Peers of the realm and men of science, as well as bookmakers and journalists. The editor of a religious weekly has told me that he considers it a duty to dance, thus using his influence for good. And, indeed, some of the girls dance beautifully. We are far from the disgraceful folly of the Moulin Rouge and the Jardin de Paris. Nevertheless, the carping critic might compare the feature of the night, the "Kitchen Lancers," to the quadrille that intrigues the sightseeing tourist in the alleged gay capital of pleasure. Certainly the Lancers are danced in the most rollicking fashion at "The Alsatians;" the girls are lifted and swung like Indian clubs, they skim the floor like ducks in the foam of petticoats. And, perhaps because of the refreshment, which is wetter than among the prudent French, and because of the Anglo-Saxon conscience whispering to the dancer, he is lost in any case; and, again, because of the privacy and the lateness of the hour, these Lancers may be likened to an amiable pandemonium.

The Supper Room.

On the floor above the supper room is as large as the ball room. Everything is on the bill of fare, and at extortionate prices, you may well believe. Champagne is a guinea a bottle. The club opens its doors at midnight; the dancing begins at 1 a.m.; the supper continues until every one has had too much; and the "canoodling" goes on till 7 o'clock in the morning. On the third floor there is a great billiard room, and it is all night from floor to floor, and up and down the stairs, and on the stairs—and banisters. There is as much laughter as liquor, and the liquor has never been known to fail. Yet the rules of decorum are not outrageously violated. Most of the men know one another. A large proportion are of the smart, fast young fellows knocking about the town; there are a great many army and stock exchange people; and, in general, it is the lively brigade.

STERLING HEILIG.

Kindly Comment.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I," said the large fat person, with the large fat diamonds, "I am a self-made man."

The angular gentleman with the soured air looked at him curiously.

"Must have been your first job, eh?" he said.

ELECTRICITY'S RIVAL

Compressed Air Has Entered the Field to Stay.

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF EFFORT

Transportation Problems That May Now Be Solved.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME

(Copyright, 1896, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

It is only with its recent very successful application to the purposes of street traction that the general public has awakened to the immense utility and the wide possibilities of compressed air. Within a few years, very largely within the last decade, it has come to undertake such a multiplicity of tasks that a mere enumeration of them is astonishing. We have long known of the value of air for stopping cars in the shape of the Westinghouse brake; now it is used to start cars as well. We are fairly familiar with its work in drilling out rock excavations for the modern sky scraper; it is another matter to learn that this same compressed air drill, used in the mine, has enormously added to our wealth of gold and silver, of coal and iron, and copper, through the cheapening of the production it has caused. It is still a further matter of surprise that this protean force has turned canal digger, and was the largest single agent in the construction of Chicago's great drainage canal, in many respects the most wonderful canal in the world.

We are again acquainted with the pneumatic dynamite gun, where compressed air is employed to throw a huge charge of high explosive to the distance of a mile or so; it is another matter to think of this same force cleaning carpets and dusting cushions. It has been successfully employed to propel locomotives in mines; it is equally useful to shear sheep. It will operate a block signal or it will steer a ship. It was a novel thing when we read of the buildings of the world's fair being painted by compressed air, but it is a common enough thing now; it is even used to polish and sandpaper cars as well. In Paris it is employed to run clocks and as a cooling agent in refrigerators; it runs motors, propels sewing machines, lifts scenery in the theaters, drives lathes and printing presses and street cars, and is the motive power in all the little shops which turn out the curious articles de Paris, which are so great a source of revenue to the French capital.

Other Uses.

We know of its use in carrying mails in pneumatic tubes. It is now proposed to make it carry freight. It is employed to raise sunken vessels, and very shortly it will be introduced on the Erie canal to operate the locks. By the Dutton pneumatic high-lift lock it is proposed to pick up a great ocean liner and lift it as high as Niagara with less effort and in less time than is now required to elevate a clumsy barge the height of a bean pole.

In the railroad shops it is everywhere, running machinery, hoisting huge loads, riveting bolts, driving hammers, is employed in forging and in every conceivable variety of work. In Kansas City beeves are slaughtered and the meat dressed all by compressed air. It is an excellent pump, especially for deep wells; it is used to pipe oil and pump chemicals. It is used by the physician and the surgeon in many delicate operations. It makes a good elevator hoist for grain. With compressed air you may dump a whole train of coal or dirt cars with the pressure of your thumb. It is used in sculpture and in stone carving, it makes a good dredge, it raises and lowers railroad gates, it will copy your letters, run summer fans, it is used in the sugar refinery and in the making of asphalt and of rubber, and still again in the delicate manufacture of fine silk. In fact, there seems hardly a limit to the uses to which it may be put.

The wonder of it now seems that all this has not been done long ago. Compressed air is not new, in the sense that electricity is new. How, then, does it come that it is only of very recent years that it has been generally used? Probably the chief reason will appear with hardly any explanation at all. It was largely a mania for things electrical. It seems absurd to say that the business world has been carried away with a mere enthusiasm, and yet this is literally the case. The beginnings of the use of compressed air were almost coincident with the introduction of electricity. And compressed air being known, its possibilities being capable of more or less accurate definition, it was literally neglected for its less known, more showy and mysterious rival.

Electricity Now Well Known.

It is a frequent matter of remark now that had a tithe of the money and brains and genius been expended in the development of compressed air as has been given to electricity, the present relation of the two forces would be reversed. For a long time electricity represented the unknown; its possibilities were unquestionably great; for a time they appeared boundless. Now, however, its capabilities are more clearly outlined, its powers definitely known, and mechanical and inventive genius is turning to the development of the force of air.

The three chief factors of recent progress are perhaps the perfection of the compressing apparatus and of the reheating process and of the non-bursting steel reservoir. When compressed air was first tried it was found that the loss of power in the process was enormous. Then, again, there were thermodynamic difficulties without number. If you put a thousand cubic feet of air into the space of a single one, you develop a high degree of heat, and in order to use the air this heat must in some way be drawn off. Similarly, air at high pressure when released cools rapidly; the result is freezing and clogging. It used to be thought that these difficulties were for practical purposes insuperable.

Now, however, these very difficulties, or, rather, the causes which produce them, are turned to profit—to such excellent profit as to afford an apparent paradox. It seems idle to assert that you are able to get out of a machine as much power as you put into it—that this is perpetual motion. And yet this is almost literally true in the present day use of compressed air.

In this country there are air compressors built so perfectly that the loss of mechanical efficiency in compression is only about 5 per cent, and of the total efficiency only 15 or 20 per cent; that is to say, if you use up a hundred horse power in the compression of the air you will have a force that will, in the case of the best type of air compressors, give you eighty or ninety horse power in return. Here incidentally is another triumph of American mechanical genius. In the famous Popp system in Paris, where compressed air is distributed through 125 miles of mains, the efficiency realized is less than 50 per cent, a little more than half that in this country.

Wonderful Mechanism.

The compressor which does this work is a beautiful machine of what is known as the four-stage type. That is to say, the air is first driven up to about eighty pounds pressure and then cooled by a water jacket, then turned into a second cylinder, where it is compressed still further, then cooled again, and so on up to the desired point, the air thus being kept at about the same temperature as that of what Mr. Shakespeare would call the circumambient atmospere.

Now, if the air be used in this condition, technically known as "cold," it will, as I have already noted, realize an efficiency of 90 per cent or more. But if, as it is released, it is passed through a heater or shot through superheated hot water, it will, under the well-known properties of air, enormously expand. It has been found possible to add one horse power to each horse power of compressed air for one-eighth the original cost of compression. One form of heater that has been devised adds 35 per cent of efficiency with about this expenditure in the shape of coal burned.

Adding to the efficiency of the compressed air when used "cold," to the amount of power developed by reheating, it will be seen that the total amount of power realized is about equal to the power expended in generation.

A Matter of Efficiency.

Theoretically the total efficiency is actually greater, but it is a matter of fact in practical use it is slightly less. It is, nevertheless, true that in tests made on the Hardie street car motor it has been found possible to realize about 5 per cent more energy or work from a given quantity of coal by burning the coal in a good type of air-compressing apparatus and using this air, under reheating, in the Hardie motor, than as if the coal were put into an ordinary locomotive and used directly for the generation of steam power. The apparent paradox is due to the added power gained from reheating the air.

Comparing American and Parisian appliances again, the efficiency developed under the Popp system in Paris, with reheating, is stated at from 60 to 70 per cent, 73 per cent being given as the maximum. Assuming a loss of from 3 to 5 per cent under the American method, it follows that the degree of efficiency realized under the Popp system is something more than 20 per cent less than that attained in this country. It is to be noted further that compressed air began to be used in Paris long before it was taken up in this country, the Mekarski system of surface transit alone having been in operation for more than ten years.

With the perfection of compressing apparatus, and the reheating system, has come a third important development, which has chiefly made possible the use of compressed air for street cars. This is the invention of what is known as the Mannesmann tube for the storage of the air. The latter is simply a seamless tube or flask, made of mild steel of any desired size and capable of receiving and holding air charged to a very high pressure. Up to the time of its introduction it had been practically impossible to provide a suitable reservoir or holder. Those which were employed were enormously heavy, took up a wholly impracticable amount of space, very often exploded and always leaked. The loss in one way or another was very great. The Mannesmann tube solved the problem by providing a chest that was practically airtight, that if it burst did not fly in pieces, but simply ripped as would a leather bag, and was therefore not a hazard to life; it was light and it took up very little space.

A High Charge.

These tubes are now made to carry almost any charge of air. In the case of the Hardie motor their testing strength is 4,000 pounds per square inch and their maximum charge about 2,000 pounds. These steel cylinders are distributed underneath the seats and under the car body in such a way as not to infringe upon the room of an ordinary steet car, and hold fifty-one cubic feet of air, sufficient to run the car fifteen or eighteen miles. For the reader apprehensive of sitting over so highly charged a device, it may be stated that the whole effect of an explosion of one of these tubes would be a loud report, a rush of air and a slight disturbance of the atmosphere immediately adjacent. There would be no flying pieces of pipe, no steam or hot air to scald and all you would see afterward would be an ugly rent in the tube.

Such is the rough outline of the important elements of the advance in the art. The improvement in the devices for compression represented economy of production, the development of the reheating process represented a large gain in the amount of power derived from the air, and in consequence a still further cheapening, while the seamless tube offered at once safety storage and insurance from loss.

By virtue of these improvements the reduction in the cost of manufacture has been very great. As computed by Compressed Air, to the editor of which I am indebted for much information, air may now be compressed to high pressures for considerably less than 3 cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

It is probable that air could be compressed, piped through a large city and sold at a profit for 5 cents.

It is to this cheapening, not less than to its mobility and the ease with which it may be applied, that the wide use of compressed air at the present time is due. Once a cheap power was offered, it thereafter remained but to develop the various special devices and appliances by which it could be utilized. One after another these inventions have been made, until it is now estimated that this wonderful force is employed for something more than 200 distinct purposes.

Future of the Force.

When we consider the probable future of the new force, as such it may fairly be called, we live over again our experience with its rival, electricity. The immediate conclusion, after a survey of the sufficiently marvelous things that it can and actually does do, is that there is hardly a limit to be set to its possibilities. But a brief calculation will define its limits with some accuracy. To compress a given quantity of air requires a given amount of power, and the result to be realized in work cannot be greater than the amount of power employed in generation. Otherwise you have perpetual motion—a proposition that is not patentable, and is otherwise open to suspicion. It follows with a reasonable degree of cogency that compressed air will not be utilized save where, by reason of greater utility or convenience, it is economy to convert your original power into this form of potential energy. It is not probable that compressed air will be used to run railway trains or steamships, although it is conceivable that it might be valuable in days to come, when we shall fly through the heavens.

But, on the other hand, compressed air is superior to steam piping or any form of shafting for the conveyance of power. A long series of tests at the Pullman shops near Chicago have demonstrated the immense economy which lies in its use, and it will, therefore, be universally introduced at these works, as it is in many other great car shops, as in Jersey City, Topeka, Omaha and elsewhere.

By far the largest use, however, will come when compressed air is manufactured in huge central stations, similar to that of the Popp system in Paris, and is distributed in mains and sold commercially, just as are gas and water and electricity. Then hardly a limit may be set to its usefulness. It will be in every home, as in every office. Every house will have its elevator, by which, with the turn of your hand, you may lift yourself from floor to floor. The housewife will sweep and dust with air, and I do not doubt that in time, madam, it will come to wash your dishes and smash your choicest chinaware with all the dexterity, if not with the same sangfroid of your most accomplished handmaiden. It may supply fresh and cooling air in the summer time to the overheated offices, the factory or the sleeping room. The time may come when it will whisk a letter from New York to San Francisco between the opening and the closing of the business day. What else it may do is probably wrapped in the brain of the seedy and neglected gentleman of invention and applied science.

INCANDESCENT LIGHTS.

They Are Put to Many Uses, Some of Them of an Ignoble Kind.

From the New York Sun.

Incandescent electric lights are used to illuminate the eyes of mounted animals, bears, tigers and lions, shown by furriers. Here, obviously, a light with a flame would not do, while the incandescent light answers the purpose well and conveniently. The wire is run from the head down through the animal's body and out through one of its feet to a connection with the service wire of the store.

Incandescent lights are used in refrigerators, such as the ice boxes of the wholesale dealer in cut flowers and the butcher. Their use in sidewalk showcases is familiar; in dressing show windows the flexible connection admits of placing the light where it is wanted with each new trimming of the window.

They are used in electric signs, some of which are permanent, while others are formed of letters that are movable, like types, so that the sign may be readily changed as often as may be desired. Electric numbers are made in the same way.

One may see a painter at work at night in a store, paint brush in one hand and electric light—with the wire trailing away back of him—in the other, to enable him to see the better in some nook or cranny that he is painting.

The incandescent lamp is used to light sidewalk awnings. The lamps are strung along a wire hung under the ridgepole inside the awning; the wire and lamps are simply taken in when the awning is. Movable bill boards are illuminated in the same manner.

An Innocent.

From the Somerville Journal.

She—"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He (surprised)—"Why, no! I have three sisters."

A DARING BOY DIVER

Plunges Safely From Yard-Arms and Sky-Scrapers.

LEARNED TO SWIM AT SEVEN YEARS

He Now Wants to Try the Brooklyn Bridge.

HOW HE FEELS

(Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndicate.)

THE MOST DARING boy diver in the world is to be found in New York.

Having already made a number of headlong plunges which would make an ordinary man turn pale with fear, he now proposes to dive from the dizzy heights of Brooklyn bridge into the water of the East river, 150 feet below.

Diving head foremost from the crosstrees of a ship, or from the roof of any building that happens to stand conveniently near the water's edge, is a familiar incident in the career of this seemingly reckless boy; but at the same time none of his lofty plunges have been taken without a full realization of just where and how he was going to strike the water, and as a result he has never yet met with an accident.

This phenomenal boy diver hardly shows in his looks the eighteen years he claims; indeed, he is about the last person one would ever select from a crowd as possessed of extraordinary daring. There is nothing of the braggart in either his appearance or his manner, yet he talks of taking hundred-foot dives as calmly as if they were nothing more uncommon than crossing a street.

His home is in Hoboken, N. J., where his mother, a brother and two sisters reside; the boy diver, however, spends most of his time in New York.

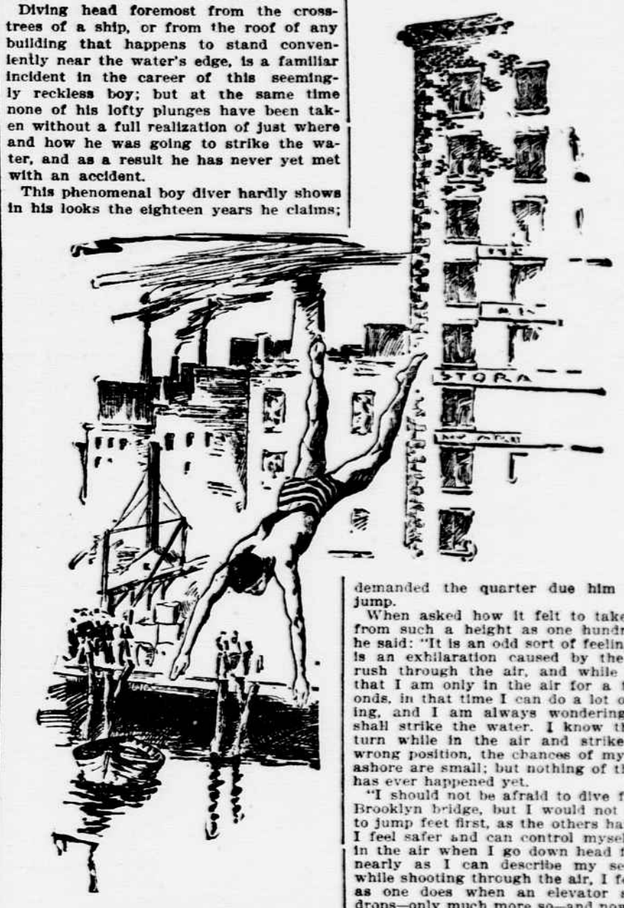
In speaking of his high dives he said: "I cannot explain just how I do it, or why I feel no fear, but I know that I do not. I have known how to dive and swim ever since I was seven years old, and now it seems like second nature to me.

"How did I learn? In the simplest and most natural way in the world. When I was a child my father took me down on the dock one day and threw me overboard, clothes and all. Naturally, I was frightened, but he only laughed at me when I called for help, and said, 'Swim or drown.' It is quite needless to say that I did not drown, for somehow, when I struck out as I had seen other boys do, I found that I could swim, and I have been swimming more or less ever since."

The latest dive which young Brunck has taken was one which, when it was suggested, seemed almost suicidal. He, with some companions, was swimming at the foot of 7th street, Hoboken, when some one told him that he did not dare dive from the roof of the tall Rockwell plaster mill which is built on the dock. Brunck hesitated for a moment; then one of his companions said: "Go on, Louis; I will give you a quarter to take the header."

The roof of the building is ninety feet above the water, which at that point is only eight feet deep. Brunck was soon standing on the ridge pole of the building. He waited a moment, and then raising his hands above his head, leaped out into space and shot downward.

Not once did he change his position, but struck the water hands and head foremost, sending the spray dashing high on either side of him. In a few seconds he appeared at the surface, about fifty feet from where he struck the water, and swimming to the landing at the foot of the dock, promptly demanded the quarter due him for the jump.



Diving Ninety Feet.

When asked how it felt to take a dive from such a height as one hundred feet, he said: "It is an odd sort of feeling. There is an exhilaration caused by the sudden rush through the air, and while I know that I am only in the air for a few seconds, in that time I can do a lot of thinking, and I am always wondering how I shall strike the water. I know that if I turn while in the air and strike in the wrong position, the chances of my getting ashore are small; but nothing of that kind has ever happened yet.

"I should not be afraid to dive from the Brooklyn bridge, but I would not attempt to jump feet first, as the others have done. I feel safer and can control myself better in the air when I go down head first. As nearly as I can describe my sensations while shooting through the air, I feel much as one does when an elevator suddenly drops—only much more so—and now I actually enjoy the sensation. I certainly should not fear to take a header either from the Brooklyn or the Poughkeepsie bridge, and you need not be surprised if you hear of my doing so."

This boy who talks so calmly of throwing himself head first through a hundred and fifty feet of space comes of a family of natural swimmers and divers, his father having been an expert at both, while his brother almost daily takes a noonday dip from the cross-tree of some ship lying along the Hoboken docks.

Insurance Against Loss of Employment.

From the New York Journal.

The development of the original theory of insurance has resulted in innumerable curious specialties, but it has remained for a concern in Atlanta to cap the climax by insuring the employe against the loss of his job.

All persons of good character, steady habits and the like are eligible to membership, whether employed at the time of joining or not. The different classes are graded by salary received by the applicant per month, and they range from $5 to $100.

All persons thrown out of employment after six months of membership in good standing will receive the benefits of the system. They will receive one-third of their regular salary for four weeks, and the president is authorized to pay out such extra benefits as may, in his discretion, be justified.

Professional people and others who do not work for a regular salary may enter the company. There is a clause in the prospectus governing the distinctions made between different methods of losing one's employment. This is of vital importance. It sets forth that such a calamity shall not be for incompetence, dishonesty or intemperance. Barring these three provisos, and they would seem to cover pretty nearly all the ground, should a man lose his position he can draw one-third of his salary for four weeks.

Nothing to Indicate It.

From the Chicago Post.

"There aren't nearly so many complicated diseases now as there were a few years ago, are there, doctor?"

"Yes, indeed, there are."

"That's funny. There don't seem to be any indications of it. But possibly deaths from such complicated troubles are fewer."

The doctor shook his head.

"I am afraid they are fully as numerous," he said.

It was the turn of the other to shake his head now.

"I don't understand it," he said. "It certainly seemed to me as if the doctors attributed fewer deaths to simple heart failure."

WOOD BURNERS AND COAL BURNERS

Contrasts in the Smokestacks of Old and New Style Locomotives.

From the New York Sun.

The modern coal-burning locomotive presents a great contrast to the old wood-burning engine, and in no feature is the contrast more striking than in the smokestack. The coal burner has a straight smokestack; the wood burner had a big, flaring, funnel-shaped smokestack, which, rising above a boiler smaller in diameter and set nearer the ground, was almost as conspicuous at one end of the engine as the cab at the other.

Now there are made locomotives with boilers so big and standing so high above the tracks that the smokestack must be made very short to go under the bridges and through the tunnels. On some of these big engines a straight-edge laid along would touch the top of the head-light, the smokestack, the bell frame, the sand box, and the steam dome. The short, dumpy, straight stack is as far as it could be from the old-fashioned smokestack of the wood burner, and the whole engine is the very type of energy and power.

A Useful Elephant.

From the St. Louis Mirror.

A few years ago, when Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India, the Rajah of Holkar paid the viceroy a visit. While he was there he saw Lord Dufferin take up some illustrated London papers which had just arrived by mail and cut them with an ivory paper knife. It was the first time the Indian prince had seen such an instrument used. "Make me a present of that," he said to the viceroy, "and I will give you another." Lord Dufferin hastened to comply with this modest request and the young rajah returned to his country. Not long after he returned to Calcutta, bringing with him a young elephant, whose tusks had been carved in the most artistic manner, in the shape of a paper knife. This he brought as a present to the viceroy. A table bearing some illustrated papers was placed by a servant before this intelligent beast, who immediately seized them with his trunk, cut them most deftly with his tusks and then handed them to the viceroy.

THOUGHT HE WAS BUNCOED.

From Harper's Bazar.

Neighbor—"Why, sakes alive, Leander, what yer goin' to do?—chop up that purty cheer?"

Leander—"Waal, you kin jest bet I am. A fellow sold it to me fer a music stool, an' I've been turnin' it for three hours, and can't git a note out of the darn thing."